

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be y^e first that giues this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vse his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen;
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mercill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glasse Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue it.

Pro. Pray heauen she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a cholericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?
Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speaks, and 'tis such sence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will berhinke me: come againe to morrow.

Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isa. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preferred foules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what hower to morrow,

Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time fore-noone.

Isab. Save your Honour.

Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselves: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the *Prouost*: what's your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Juliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duke. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue provided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Jul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Duke. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. Ile gladly learne.

Duke. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

Jul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duke. 'Tis

Duke. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our felices, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we stand in feare,
Jul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest: Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*

Jul. Must die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pittie of him. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray, & thinke, I thinke, and pray
To severall subiects; heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser foules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good *Angell* on the Devils horne
'Tis not the Devils Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens.

Why doe's my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which hee should reuiue: and euen so
The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid,

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure. (me,
Ang. That you might know it, wold much better please
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

Isab. Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be

As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue

(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted

That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha? sic, these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that hath fr
A man already made, as to
Their sawcie sweetnes, that
In stamps that are forbid:
Falsely to take away a life
As to put mettle in restrain
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in

Ang. Say you so: then I

Which had you rather, that

Now tooke your brothers li

Giue vp your body to such

As he that he hath staid?

Isab. Sir, beleue this.

I had rather giue my body,

Ang. I talke not of your

Stand more for number, the

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warra

Against the thing I say: An

I (now the voyce of the reco

Pronounce a sentence on yo

Might there not be a charit

To saue this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doo'

Ile take it as a perill to my se

It is no sinne at all, but chari

Ang. Pleas'd you to doe

Were equall poize of sinne,

Isab. That I do beg his li

Heauen let me beare it: you

If that be sin, Ile make it my

To haue it added to the fault

And nothing of your answer

Ang. Nay, but heare me,

Your sence pursues not mine

Or seeme so crafty; and tha

Isab. Let be ignorant, an

But graciously to know I an

Ang. Thus wisdom wif

When it doth taxe it selfe: A

Proclaime an en-shield bea

Then beauty could displaied

To be receiued plaine, Ile sp

Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is se

Accountant to the Law, vpe

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other wa

(As I subscribe not that, nor

But in the losse of question)

Finding your selfe desir'd of

Whose creadit with the Iudg

Could fetch your Brother fro

Of the all-building-Law: an

No earthly meane to saue hi

You must lay downe the trea

To this supposed, or else to le

What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my po

That is: were I vnder the te

Th'impression of keene whip

And strip my selfe to death, a

That longing haue bin sicke

My body vp to shame,